

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1919

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EDUCATION IN ANCIENT ISRAEL TO 70 A. D. by Fletcher Harper Swift. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co., \$1.25.

A study of the particular part the Hebrew race has played in the general education of man—the genesis of Hebrew religious and moral conceptions and the educational process by which these conceptions were built up, crystalized, transmitted, from the schoolless days of nomadism to the system of universal compulsory education established shortly before the fall of Jerusalem, 70 A. D. The author discusses the training given in the family and tribe, the evolution of studies and of social and educational ideals, the rise of schools and the part played by parents, priests, Levites, prophets and scribes as teachers; also such facts as military training, athletics and games, adolescent rites, industrial training, the teaching of manners, the conception of child nature, and the divine right of parents. The author is professor of History and Philosophy of Education in the College of Education, University of Minnesota.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE by Sheldon Cheney. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, \$3.

A book on open-air playhouses and outdoor pageants and drama giving a comprehensive review of both the historical background and the modern revival; written to provide the architect with first-aid information about old and new theatres, and to give all interested a bird's-eye impression of the open-air drama in all ages and in all lands, so that by comparison they may understand the peculiar characteristics and particular problems of outdoor production. There are photographs of open air theatres throughout the world, including St. Louis' municipal theatre, with critical discussion of their artistic and theatrical properties, and drawings of floor plans. Index.

THE MOUNTAIN SINGER by Seosamh MacCathmhaoil. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$1.50.

Rhymes by the Irish poet and dramatist whose name in English is Joseph Campbell and under which name he has achieved considerable fame. This collection was first published in Dublin in 1909, but has been out of print for several years.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS AND OTHER POEMS by Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

A sonnet sequence of the classical order, being a summary of the author's philosophy and art.

EVERYBODY'S HUSBAND by Gilbert Cannan. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 75c.

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WINESBURG, OHIO, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$1.50.

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ANYMOON by Horace Bleackley. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.75.

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THE HILLS OF DESIRE by Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.50.

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"GREAT-HEART" by Niel MacIntyre. New York: William Edwin Rudge.

A life of Roosevelt setting forth the principal events in his career, the deeds that made him famous, and the characteristics for which he was loved. The author disclaims any intent to incorporate the details of his political or official life or to deal with the great questions of foreign and home policy which came up under his administration. But the book is written so as to give the general reader an idea of his boyhood, his high ideals, his purity of purpose, his love for the truth—as he saw it—his patriotism, his joy in outdoor life and the animal world. It will be particularly enjoyed by young Americans. Introduction by Gen. Leonard Wood. Numerous illustrations from photographs.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT by Russell J. Wilbur. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, \$1.

Sonnets and fourteeners upon the many-sided man—Roosevelt. Not unrestrained eulogy; indeed there is much sharp, shrewd criticism tinged with humor. A character-photograph very little touched up. Good psychology but no Freudianism. Lots of learning and lush language. An interesting introduction is provided by William Hard, a close friend of the author, assistant rector of St. Cronan's church, St. Louis.

TRUTH by Sir Charles Walston (Waldstein). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An essay in moral reconstruction written as a sort of supplement to his "Aristodemocracy." Truth is essential. That through the war untruthfulness in various forms was encouraged he regards as a national calamity, although recognizing that deception and trickery are established legitimate modes of warfare. "Camouflage," which he defines as an attempt at lying by means of objects, he brands as hateful, with no place in a civilized nation at peace. The censorship and the press he arraigns for their distortion and suppression of the truth, and in this connection devotes particular attention to Lord Northcliffe. Truth is considered as a national (English) tradition, making for honesty, efficiency and general trustworthiness in the individual; from this the author leads to the value of governmental veracity in domestic and international relationships, in religion and education.

THE HARVEST HOME by James B. Kenyon. New York: James T. White & Co., \$2.

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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVIII. No. 25

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1919

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," REEDY'S MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to REEDY'S MIRROR, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Germany Signs

GERMANY signs. Her yielding was marked by a foolish "gesture"—the sinking of her ships interned in Scapa Flow. The navy had been defeated, else it had not been surrendered. And the sinking of the ships relieved the victors, who could not distribute them among themselves without exciting heart burnings. Moreover the ships had no especial monetary value, even as scrap iron. It was not to be expected that Germany would willingly admit sole responsibility for the war, or that she would give up for trial by an enemy court her former Emperor, Hindenburg, Ludendorff and others. That was more than could be reasonably expected of human nature. Germany's humiliation is enough to satisfy all but the *devotés* of vengeance. The demand for vengeance will die out. Germany must soon be admitted to the League of Nations. That is necessary to the continuance of the League. And Germany must be relieved of the burden of reparation, if that burden will crush the German people. There is room for Germany in the world. The German people must have play for their better genius, and it is very great in scope. The world needs many things material and spiritual that the German people can give. The whole world will suffer if we harden our hearts to the German people and set their hearts to rankling in the bitterness of hatred and despair. The world cannot flourish on the misfortune of any one people. If we do evil things to the German people those things will react upon ourselves in evil. It is the German people we are dealing with now, not with war-mad rulers. They are just plain people, after all, in whose favor runs as strong a presumption of decency as in the case of any other people. The peoples of the victor nations will see this, as rancor dies away with passing time, and it is to be hoped and believed that before very long those victor peoples will be urging their governments to mercy and generosity towards the vanquished. That the people may do this is one of the reasons for the League. No more "woe to the vanquished." The League of Nations will be no league of peace as long as any nation is kept out of it. And the world will not be safe for democracy or any other good thing as long as any one people are heterogenetically prevented from working out their own destiny in a way consistent with the rights of other people.

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Erin Go Bragh

PRESIDENT DE VALERA of the Irish Republic is with us. And the Irish question will be

with the world until it is settled right, that is in accordance with the wishes of the Irish people. The Irish question, unsettled, will be the downfall of the British empire yet.

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Big Business and Burglary

IN the federal court here direct evidence was given that officials of the United Railways Company employed burglars to steal petitions for a referendum of an ordinance compromising certain claims of the city against the company and validating certain franchises. The thing was the rankest kind of corporate lawlessness. Though the burglary might have involved murder that was no deterrent consideration. The burglary was but the sensational capsheaf of revelation upon many others of loose and reckless management of a public utility. It was not set forth that the object sought in the burglary was finally accomplished by a "rush" stipulation with certain city officials. The railway officials, one the president and manager of the company, have been indicted and have resigned their offices. Meanwhile the company is in the hands of a receiver. It claims it cannot pay its fixed charges even on increased fares. Not even on fares the increase of which was brought about by a strike of car men for more pay, fomented by the company in order to provide an excuse for a demand for higher fares. The company's chief inspector and its claim agent turned state's evidence on the president and superintendent. The spy system and legal talent were among the heaviest items in the company's overhead charges. And the company had dealings with concerns within the chief company that mulcted the system of fancy sums for electric current. The exhibition of big business methods in general was entertaining but not surprising in view of what we have learned of such methods in other companies. We may leave the employers of the burglars to the criminal law, with, in this case, a very wide mesh. The public interest is first in getting good service. There must be a reorganization that will give such service. And there must be a readjustment of capitalization. The holders of bonds must yield something of their claims upon the property. They must reduce their holdings. They cannot continue to bleed the system. They should reorganize on a lesser capitalization, upon which they can earn something. And they should arrange in their reorganization to provide for some earnings upon the preferred stock held by thousands of humble folk who put their savings in it on the advice of the men who controlled the concern. The burglary of the referendum petitions was a small matter compared with the robbery of many small investors. It is too bad that there is now no way of punishing the city authorities

for turning the trick which the discovery of the burglary prevented. An effort was made to recall the mayor for doing what the burglars had failed at, but our "best" citizens stood by the mayor, and the people vindicated him at an election turning on the issue of his compromise. I wonder that our "best" citizens are not holding mass meetings in defense of the men who employed the burglars. They did that to save the company, just as the mayor put over the compromise to save the company, only it didn't save the company.

Can the Republicans Smash the Peace?

By William Marion Reedy

THE joint resolution proposed by Senator Fall of New Mexico, member of the Foreign Relations committee, declaring the war at an end between the United States and the Teutonic powers, and directing the President to secure the return to this country immediately of all its military and naval forces, came too late. It was presented at about the time that announcement was made by the German government that it would sign the treaty unconditionally, but with protestation of its terms. The actual signature of the treaty will probably take place before the Fall resolution can be passed. It is not likely that the Senate will go to the extreme of interposing objection to and amendment of the treaty when it is a fact accomplished. It is not at all likely that the House will join with the Senate in adopting the Fall resolution.

Senator Fall is a fire-eating jingo. He is no peace man. He believes that we must go into Mexico and discipline that country. He does not want peace to interfere with our "manifest destiny" to take possession of the whole western hemisphere. His resolution came, it seems, as a protest against the general announcement that the Knox resolution would go over for a time, which was equivalent to a permanent pigeon-holing of that resolution. It was taken for granted that the Knox program had collapsed. Germany's agreement to sign seems to make both the Fall and the Knox resolutions somewhat ridiculous. Both are designed to separate the League covenant from the treaty of peace, but with the peace treaty signed, it is difficult to see how this can be done. Later the Senate may possibly adopt the treaty with some reservations as to details in the League covenant. Such reservations in treaties have been made by the Senate before. The other signatories may or may not accept the reservations if made. But that is a matter for the future. The outstanding feature of the situation is that the treaty, embodying the League, has been practically signed and the Senate, for all its resolutions, can do nothing with or to it until the document shall have been formally submitted to that body.

It would seem that present plans of the senate are futile. Almost it seems that the Fall resolution is a bluff, or at most a play by

an extremist in wild protest against the evident lack of support for the Knox proposal to get out of the peace conference. The Knox plan was dead on Monday, before Germany gave in. It is not likely that the Fall program will show any more vitality. In the face of the facts, the Fall proposition for action now seems little better than foolish. The proposal does not seem to have been received with any enthusiasm.

The collapse of the Republican support of the Knox resolution was no mere appearance. Washington took it to be a fact. It was so much a fact that Elihu Root appeared at the capital with proposals for a revision of Article X of the covenant. He did this after accepting that article, with a limitation of the time during which its provisions should be binding. It may be that Senator Fall's call for the return of our military and naval forces from Europe represents the result of Mr. Root's appearance upon the scene. Surely Senator Fall is not concerned that we should quit making war on Russia. The friends of the League in the Senate say that neither the Knox nor the Fall resolution can pass. We shall see.

It may be that some time on Monday there occurred a new political combination in the Senate, for on Monday it seemed that the Republicans had been so divided that they couldn't put over their plan to throw a monkey-wrench into the peace machinery. On Monday it seemed that ex-President Taft had convinced the party that it was not headed in the right direction as to the peace. Mr. Will S. Hays, chairman of the National Republican Committee, had been rather bustling in activities calculated to put the soft pedal on the scheme to wreck the League of Nations. It was due to ex-President Taft that Mr. Hays was telling senators that he thought they had better go slow, that it would be well to wait. During some weeks just passed, Mr. Hays was in frequent consultation with ex-President Taft, by long distance telephone as well as in occasional personal meetings. The ex-president had about convinced the head of the party organization that Senators Knox, Lodge, Borah and others were leading the party into a course that would put it into opposition to the deeper underlying sentiment of the country. Mr. Taft had been about among the people continuously for six months, arguing for support of the League, and he knew the people wanted the

Banish the Ban

League, some league, any league that looked like an honest effort to do away with war. He said the Republicans should let the Democrats make the League a party question if they wished. The Democrats had made a party issue of the war during the last election and had thereby lost control of congress. The Republicans should profit by that example. He deprecated opposition merely "to put the President in a hole." Moreover, Mr. Taft said that Republican opposition was playing into the hands of the element usually designated as Bolshevik. He ridiculed the idea that the covenant involved the surrender of United States sovereignty or that it made this country the catspaw of Great Britain in the maintenance of her world empire.

It was while Mr. Taft was laboring with Mr. Hays that Senator Sherman made the whole Republican case ridiculous by his mad speech in which he claimed that the League gave the world over into abject subjection to the Vatican. Sherman became the Burchard of the occasion. The Illinoisan reduced to absurdity the entire argument that the League would be a supnation dominated by forces hostile to the United States. It was immediately after the Sherman speech that Washington agreed that Republican opposition to the League had gone to pieces. It seemed the Republican jig was up.

What happened then is not known exactly, but Mr. Root showed up at Washington. It was taken for granted that he was called in to help the Republicans save their face. Then ex-Attorney-General Wickersham came out in the Sunday papers and showed that the contention that the covenant committed this country to any abandonment of sovereignty was a delusion. His argument for the approval of the covenant was unqualified and whole-hearted. The tide was running strong against the Knox resolution.

Next, two things happened. Oswald Garrison Villard's *Nation* came out with a powerful appeal for the rejection of the treaty, as false to national honor and fatal to the interests of humanity. Then it was announced that Mr. De Valera, the president of the Irish republic, had evaded the British spies and military forces and landed in this country to open up a fight on Great Britain. These incidents showed that there was a concentration of opposition to the League, even though that opposition was based upon considerations radically different from those that had been urged in justification of the Republican party's antagonism. Here was a chance for the Republicans to make common cause with the people who wanted, loosely speaking, soviet government of the world, and with the more understandable aspirations of the Irish not only at home but in America. In the case of the latter there was no small temptation of the Republicans to approach the Irish view, if for no other reason than to provide an antidote to the anti-Roman Catholic virulence of Senator Sherman's blatherskite bigotry. The Republicans were convinced that their opposition would make them strong with the radicals and with the Irish-American vote, though no sane person believes that the Lodges, Knoxes, Borahs, Poindexters and their like care anything about idealist internationalism or for the cause of Irish independence. Mr. Root's palpable wobble on Article X, which he had accepted with limitations, was clearly an inspiration due to the coming of Mr. De Valera to this

country. The support of the Knox resolution had grown feeble, but it was revived in the Fall resolution. The Republicans played politics to gather support from the so-called Bolsheviks and the Irish-Americans, whose interests have usually been found to consist with the support of policies called democratic. The Republican hope is to pull away from the administration such popular support and break the Democratic line in the Senate. This accounts for the change in the situation which seemed to have been held so well in hand by ex-President Taft and Chairman Hays.

The turn of affairs would have been serious had it not been that the Germans decided sooner than was expected, to sign the treaty. This last occurrence throws the Republicans up in the air.

For Republicans cannot work up any indignation in this country on the theory that the Germans accept the peace treaty and the League as the Russians accepted the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. That's a good radical, Socialist argument against the peace, but it is not a good Republican argument. There is no good Republican argument against the treaty—and the League of Nations is a part of the treaty. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has a case against the treaty from his radical pacifist standpoint of "thorough." There is ground for the contention that the treaty does not work out as a realization of Mr. Wilson's fourteen points. The peace is not the peace Mr. Wilson promised the Germans and the world. The terms are harsh beyond liberal popular imagination. The Peace Conference is, to the thinking of radicals, another Holy Alliance; the peace another war-trap like that of the peace of the Vienna congress. It does not contain enough of definite plans for disarmament. It throws self-determination to the winds—when self-determination would be antagonistic to the imperial purposes of the entente allies. The League is one of governments, dominated by special exploiting interests, not of the peoples of those governments. There is no self-determination for the German people and the German colonies are taken from that people, while no other power relaxes its grip on any colonial possessions. The German people were told they would be taken back into the family of nations if they changed their government. They have changed their government but they are set apart as pariahs and outcasts. The League is for the promotion and preservation of peace, but no point of approach to free trade is discoverable in the covenant, and without free trade there is no hope of preventing war. There is no promise of reconciliation in keeping Germany out of the League and in continuing the blockade, and there is less in leaving the reparation bill indefinite in amount for fifteen years of enemy occupation. There is little indication of making the world safe for democracy in the Conference's recognition of the Kolchak government in Russia on his promise to call a Duma—as soon as he pacifies the Bolsheviks with fire and sword. There is no support of democracy in making war on the soviet government in Hungary, or in backing up Great Britain in suppression of aspirations to self-government in India, Egypt and Ireland.

Not one of these arguments for the defeat of the League and the treaty lies well in the mouths of Republicans in the United States Senate. The Republicans want to defeat the treaty for reasons exactly the opposite of those urged by the radicals. The Republicans are for jingoistic nationalism. They are for the exploitation of every commercial op-

portunity offered by victory. They are not in favor of the theories of the soviet. They care little for the League charter of international labor. The Republicans don't care for the preservation of peace. They want big armies and navies. They don't want free trade. They don't want secret diplomacy done away with. Both Senators Knox and Fall would let Europe make peace in the old way of carving up Europe to suit imperialistic designs. It is therefore passing strange that the protectionist Senate and the friends of the soviets should be found working together for the defeat of the treaty. There is more opposition to the treaty among the people of the United States on the grounds set forth by Mr. Villard than there is on the grounds of Senators Knox and Fall. But the Republicans are willing to accept socialist help to gain their ends. The best thing one can say of such Republican action is to express the hope that it will do more for the advancement of the ideas and ideals of men like Mr. Villard than for those of Messrs. Knox, Fall, Borah, Poindexter, Root and others like them.

Mr. Taft would appear to be defeated temporarily in his party in the Senate. It is doubtful that he will be thoroughly repudiated. He had probably more people behind him than the Republican Senate has. He has learned something of the opinions of the real people of this country from his experience as joint chairman of the War Labor Board. He rendered incomparable service to Labor in that position, and also to his country, for his services to Labor helped much in the maintenance of industrial solidarity during the war. He knows as well as anybody that there is nothing to the Republican opposition to the peace but a desire to discredit the Democratic administration under whose auspices the peace has been made. Now that the German Government has accepted the peace, and the instrument is safe from the Senate until it comes duly signed and sealed into the possession of that body, it is likely that ex-President Taft and President Wilson will be able to save the treaty by going to the people as against the Senate. If the treaty should be rejected in the long run it will be through the power of the argument that the document does not represent the democratic sentiment of the country in that it is a peace of violence rather than of justice and conciliation.

The best thing that can be said of the treaty is that it is the best that President Wilson could get by compromising on those principles which, as he proclaimed them, were decidedly at variance with the traditional policy of the Republican party. There is absolutely nothing in the claim that the peace is a surrender of American self-determination. There is much to be said for the contention that it is not a peace that will end war on the basis of the establishment of an equality of right among nations great and small. The people will probably decide that, bad as the peace may be for the peoples, it is better than such a peace as Knox and Fall would have, leaving national imperial ambitions rampant in Europe and elsewhere, and making no provision of machinery for even the postponement of war through discussion of causes of conflict. The League, as it is proposed, is at least an attempt to prevent war by arbitration and agreement. It would be of better promise to that end if it took in Germany and did not propose keeping her in indefinite economic servitude productive of desire for revenge. It would be better if it

did not put the tabu upon Russia. But such as it is, it is before the people of this country. It is hard to believe they will permit their Senate to scrap it and remove every obstacle to future saturnalia of slaughter of men by the million.

Realities of Science

By William Vincent Byars

I SUPPOSE that no other question which can be presented to those who can think for themselves compares in importance with that of whether the Government of the United States should be permanently administered on the basis of the Darwinian theory of the Descent of Man, with the Constitution of the United States "re-interpreted in terms of Darwinism." Is Darwinism the reality of Science? If so, must we accept it and use the Constitution to establish it in the control of life?

That is a fundamental question. It involves all others. Hence it should be discussed, as far as possible, without prejudice. In his "Constitutional Government in the United States" pages 54-5, President Wilson has thus introduced it: "The Government of the United States was constructed upon the Whig theory of political dynamics, which was a sort of unconscious copy of the Newtonian theory of the Universe. In our own day whenever we discuss the structure or development of anything, whether in nature or society, we consciously or unconsciously follow Mr. Darwin; but before Darwin, they followed Newton." On page 57, he concludes: "Living political constitutions must be Darwinian in theory and practice." On page 199, he summarizes the theory of "checks and balances" in the Constitution as adopted before Darwin's birth, and thus states his final objections to the American method of government before Darwin: "It was, as I have already pointed out, this theory of checks and balances, which I have called the Newtonian theory of government, that prevailed in the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States—which prevailed over the very different theory of Hamilton, that government was not a thing which you could afford to tie up in a nice poise, as if it were to be held in an inactive equilibrium, but a thing which must every day act with a straightforward and unquestionable power, with definite purpose and consistent force, choosing its policies and making good its authority, like a single organism—the theory which would have seemed to Darwin the theory of nature itself—the nature of men as well as of animal organisms."

While I am traditionally opposed to the views of government which American Democrats since 1788 have called the "Hamiltonian," and denounced because of their adaptability to the purposes of arbitrary power, I ought rationally to be able to hold this prejudice in abeyance, so as to be able to consider without prejudice the Darwinian theory when Mr. Wilson joins it to the Hamiltonian as a proposed mode of government to be established through constitutional interpretation and administration. This may be imperative before I can consider myself fair-minded, since the Darwinian theory applied to government represents a new extreme, beyond any defined in the purposes of Hamilton, as explained by his writings or his executive action. Hence, if it is imperative, I must not claim impartiality. I must make open confession of hostility, certainly not to Hamilton, nor to Mr. Wilson, nor to Mr. Darwin, but to the acceptance and establishment of the Darwinian theory as a method of interpreting the Constitution of the United States and of administering the government.

I cannot undertake to say how far Mr. Wilson may be right in concluding for others that "in our own day, whenever we discuss the structure or development of anything, whether in nature or society,

we consciously or unconsciously follow Mr. Darwin." I prefer not to believe this. I can speak only for myself, and I am so far from being consciously or unconsciously under this control, that I am conscious of hostility to it, which increases with my observation of its results, until it seems to me already to account for the worst in the political history of the world—and this, not as an incidental but as a necessary result of its introduction in government. I look on Darwinism established through government as an insanity, involving supreme calamity.

Though when I admit this, I cannot claim to be impartial, I can at least observe the proprieties. Since Mr. Wilson introduces the subject and so demonstrates its far-reaching practical importance, a private person who has no other purpose than to state and define facts that others may decide as they please in reaching their own conclusions, may observe the proprieties by assuming that there is no more need for opposing Mr. Wilson than for opposing any one else who politically is consciously or unconsciously a disciple of Darwin. When Mr. Wilson's book on "Constitutional Government in the United States" is, throughout, an argument that as the Darwinian theory did not exist when the Constitution was adopted, the Constitution must be adapted to the theory, we may proceed at once to the theory itself, and learn as far as we may from Darwin himself, what it means when applied by any body of men in the control of others.

Darwin's "Descent of Man" may now be had in any bookstore in a single volume. The Rand-McNally edition has the title: "The Descent of Man and Selection in its Relation to Sex." Part I has the title "The Descent or Origin of Man."

In the second chapter of Part I, Darwin considers "natural selection" through which "the early progenitors of man must also have tended like all other animals, to have increased beyond their means of subsistence—being thus subjected to a struggle for existence and consequently to the rigid law of natural selection." In this same chapter, Darwin considers man "as the most dominant animal in the world;" "the causes which have led to his becoming erect;" "consequent changes of structure;" "nakedness;" "absence of a tail," etc., meeting, as he may have supposed all rational objections to the conclusion which after argument throughout Part I, he develops in Chapter VI, Part I, on "The Affinities and Genealogy of Man." This conclusion is that we develop from a group of four-handed mammals including the Catarhine and Platarhine monkeys. "And" Mr. Darwin concludes, "as man from a genealogical point of view belongs to the Catarhine or old world stock, we must conclude, however much the conclusion may revolt our pride, that our early progenitors would have been properly thus designated." He quotes Haeckel in a footnote in support of this conclusion.

When this is an issue of politics rather than a question of science, the revolt of pride ought to be put out of the question. This may be done easily enough, and science supports us in it. As science develops through the methods of Newton, from principle to principle, from demonstration to demonstration, we are not left at the mercy of any theory, beginning in an assumption and ending in an argument. The bodies of men and monkeys, super-men and super-apes, if they exist or if they have existed, may be assumed to have the same origin from what poetically has been called "the dust of the earth." This has been demonstrated as a fact, and its principles have been so far defined through chemistry that the revolt of pride is over—if indeed pride ever revolts when plain truth is plainly proven. When we have a formula, showing that politicians (or "statesmen"), whose blunders and crimes develop the worst on earth, are chemically a condensed gas, combining the same elements which appear in Catarhine monkeys, we are unscientific and unreasonable

if we are ashamed of the monkeys and humiliated because of this chemical relationship.

So we may omit the monkey as relatively unimportant—though so highly interesting in Darwinian anecdotes, that if we do omit the anecdotes and observations which charm the reader into the belief that he is learning science, there is little left of the "Darwinian theory" except what has been most repulsively political in the practices of the human race. We may be involved in page after page of interesting observations, such as the direction in which the hairs grow on our forearms, as compared with the forearms of monkeys, supposed on such evidence to belong to our family group—the Catarhine—but Darwin himself in his final chapter, does not claim to have overpowered objection through demonstration. He regrets that his theory will be "highly distasteful to many," and concludes that as there is "hardly a doubt that we are descended from barbarians," he for his part, "would as soon be descended" from a "heroic little monkey" or from a "brave old baboon" of whom he has previously related interesting and probably reliable anecdotes.

Omitting the monkey and waiving the question of taste, we have left a theory of political control for the world, which cannot be defined in "terms of science."

Morally it is damnable—though unless we reject it, we have no right to assume that moral principle exists as axiomatic, self-evident truth, repudiating principle, Darwinism becomes Agnosticism. This Darwinians have long ago admitted. Denying that truth can be axiomatic, or self-evident, or that "principles" of truth either define themselves or can be defined as unalterably true, they have entrenched themselves in "Agnosticism." Against this, we are only permitted to undergo what they call a "reaction." We are denied principles of truth, which make thought possible, but we are admitted to have feelings. So, though we are denied the "benefit of clergy" in pleading truth and its principles as a defense, we may react through our feelings—our sensations, as do our Catarhine congeners, who in Mr. Darwin's anecdotes not only use stones to crack nuts, but also throw them in the process of natural selection and struggle to survive.

Omitting anecdotes and observations, the whole Darwinian theory becomes the theory of British Tory imperialism, as in Chapter II, Part I, "On the Manner of Development of Man from Some Lower Form," he adopts it from Malthus.

Under this theory, the "fittest survive" and are benefited by wars, pestilences and famines through which when the unfit inevitably increase beyond the increase of the means of subsistence, they are eliminated. If this is science, we must submit. But if in politics we say it is a lie, what then?

In science, we must speak from principle to principle. We must give our results in formulas. We must define principle. We must abide the test of principle through demonstration. But this is not science. It is politics. And among all political theories of the control of life, it is the most degraded, the most stupid; the most beastly, the most devilish. I will not say that it is the most British, but it is a historical fact that in reducing it to statistics Malthus merely defined the results of British Tory imperialism in politics since its beginnings under the Tudors. In this Chapter II of Part I, "The Descent of Man," Darwin thus illustrates it in its application to the United States.

"Civilized populations have been known, as in the United States, to double their numbers in twenty-five years; and according to a calculation by Euler, this might occur in a little over twelve years. At the former rate, the present population of the United States—thirty millions—would in 657 years, cover the whole terraqueous globe so thickly that four men would have to stand on each square yard of surface."

As this is not science—as it never has been, as it never can be—the political question from any such alarming mathematical proposition, is what can

be done to prevent this increase of population. Darwin changes the subject to monkeys. He does not suggest sending Americans to Siberia. He tells us that the Ateles in America are partially thumbless, and that the early male progenitors of man probably ceased to use their canine teeth in combat when they learned to use war-clubs, with page succeeding page, and chapter succeeding chapter of alleged data of "sexual selection,"—as for example the "sexual strife" among beetles of the "great Lamellicorn group,"—until finally he reaches his general Summary and Conclusion,—which is simply Nothing, leading Nowhere. "I am aware," he says, "that the assumed instinctive belief in God has been used by many persons as an argument for his existence. But this is a rash argument . . ." and so forth, from alleged science into the political results of agnosticism and Malthusianism combined, as they have been demonstrated in the twentieth century.

As the Constitution of the United States was framed in 1788 by those Mr. Wilson calls Whigs,—though some of them were Tories and as such, were overruled, it was followed ten years later by the reply of British Tory Imperialism,—the Malthusian theory of the "struggle for the survival of the fittest," first published in 1798 and now perpetuated in Darwinism, as a purposed mode of government for the United States and the world. In 1898, a hundred years after its first publication, it had become the dominant theory of German as well as of British imperialism, with Haeckel surviving Darwin long enough to become a living witness of the inevitable results of such "Kultur."

Definable on no principle and subject to no check except that of force, making calamity for the rest a proposed mode of benefit for the fit; assuming destructive struggle as at once the cause and the method of superiority, this theory of political control begins in complete moral and intellectual irresponsibility and demonstrates this through the last extremes of despotism. Morally it is Nihilism. Its agnosticism, as a denial of all principle, frees it from all check of principle, and it becomes the extreme of Tory reaction from the attempt to use principle to check both despotism and barbarism. When Whigs who thought as Newton thought, from principle to principle, define human rights as inherent and inalienable, this must become absurd for all who think as Darwin thought. The limit is off. We are reduced to mere manpower. The super-men, the fittest to survive, may decide by their mere opinion how far they will be benefited by our reduction as population through their policies of world control. Law fails us, for on page 172, Mr. Wilson leaves the courts "of justice" to the final control of opinion,—"the opinion of the age," which he is arguing is the Age of Darwinism.

I cannot claim to think as Newton thought, from principle to principle. My mind does not meet the test of his genuine science. The first ten pages of his "Principia," as they demand consecutive thought, with demonstration at every step, are enough to show me the reality of science, as it tests the vanity of false-pretenses. If the men who made the American constitution, were not actually scientists, if there were among them few,—if indeed there were not one among them, who would have claimed to be able to meet the plain tests of such science,—they were yet so educated by it as to be aware of the supreme value of principle. They were men of principle, checking themselves by it; fearing always to release themselves from it, lest in doing so they might bring calamity on those who trusted them, and on unborn generations in a world for which they hoped at length an escape from irresponsibility into an "Age of Reason."

This was American Democracy. This was the purpose of the "checks and balances," assuming the principles of human rights as inherent and inalienable and opposing them to the arbitrary will and opinions of those who assume to be fittest to control—and in their control to survive—the rest.

In 1908, when Mr. Wilson, as President of Princeton University, first reviewed the work of those who framed the constitution, he then first proposed to substitute Darwinism in the administration of government under the Constitution for what he defined,—and objected to,—as the purposes and modes of thought of those who thought as Newton thought.

As far as this can be done—as far as it has been done, Darwinism becomes the established "Cult" of the United States, overruling and dominating all other Cults—or religions. If anyone cares to try to think as Newton thought, it must be clear that the interpretation by Darwinian methods of a Constitution, said to be Newtonian in its modes of thought, makes Darwinism operative as the Supreme Law.

Darwinism, beginning in Malthusianism and ending in Agnosticism, means irresponsibility, without balance, and without check. No religion, established by Government, could be so destructive of all rights as Established Darwinism.

I have no prejudice whatever against monkeys and no disposition to argue with those whose cult, religion, or irreligion depends on unifying me and my kindred theoretically with monkeys or any other animal among those we call beasts. But to make this Cult political, to establish it through government; to use the power of government, reducing me to "man-power" to be disposed of at the will of those who claim fitness—that involves no reality of science. It is the reality of Toryism in its last extreme of beastly irresponsibility. As out of what was worst in the mind of the nineteenth century, inherited and unrepented of, from the past, the twentieth century has demonstrated in facts what this theory means as an established governing Cult, its infernal results already surpass the worst in the history of irreligious barbarism and barbaric bigotry. This is not chargeable to science. Darwinism, applied politically, is the worst of all Tory insanities, and, as far as it is applied, it will continue to show the worst results of Tory insanity in destructiveness. It is damnable, and if there is a worse damnation than that to which as a Tory governing Cult, it has already reduced the German empire—that worst becomes inevitable as far as those who consciously or unconsciously think as Darwin thought succeed in establishing their Cult as a mode of government in the United States.

If the future of any country, or of all countries, could be thus controlled, I cannot understand how any father of a family could face his responsibility for adding to the "man-power" of any Darwinian country without shame and remorse—to which I confess, as far as this country has been Darwinized. If we can believe in God under such political control, we may hold that those who are made "supreme sacrifices" first of all to Darwinian modes of struggle for the survival of the fittest are most fortunate. As there is nothing new in the irresponsibility which rejects balance and spurns check, its results were summed long before the "Christian era" in the final conclusion that though the "dead who are already dead" are more fortunate than the living, the supreme good fortune is not to be born at all.

From this conclusion the only hope of escape is in return to the principles of those who could think as Newton thought, holding to the "rights of man," as divine, inherent and inalienable. As far as we have departed from this only "saving faith" in politics, we have so far deserved to be dominated by the fittest to survive, that if we find ourselves at the disposal of the Fittest of the Fit, with the Supreme Superman deciding the disposal of life and fortune for the rest, we will be called to meet that final test in the only way in which it can be rightly met—by supreme patience through which we may learn new reverence for human life, as divine and sacred in every right—including especially those it cannot defend. And then "back to principle," if we expect to keep any country so far un-Darwinized as to be fit to live in.

Are We a Mediocre People?

EUROPEAN VIEWS OF AMERICAN PROHIBITION.

By Michael Monahan

IT is small matter for surprise that Europe does not wax enthusiastic over the astounding success of the American prohibition movement culminating in a national "dry" law. Beyond the cold and suspicious reserve which educated Europe always maintains toward our social and legislative experiments, there are reasons of special force for its dislike of our latest moral "departure." And chief among these (as I find them reflected in various foreign journals and reviews) is the conviction that we are, culturally, in a very primitive and backward state. The mere notion that we must forbid by statute and constitutional amendment a natural indulgence which a majority of the people undoubtedly desire, seems to be viewed by foreign critics as a stigma of American inferiority.

It will not do to ignore this as "foreign uppishness" or to parry it as that "old hatred of democracy," with which we are wont to palliate such wounds to our national self-love. Let us rather seek frankly a truer motive for the criticism.

Between Europe and us the difference, so far as regards the present argument, is one mainly of intellectual standards and traditions. It is a pretty important difference, for it includes all that prepares a man's thought before he is born and all that he carries with him to the grave. Throughout Europe generally education is based upon and thoroughly informed with the classical tradition—and it should be needless to point out that the classical tradition is eternally hostile to all that is summed up in the prohibition idea. We should expect this to be true of the Latin countries, France, Italy and Spain (which are, besides, extensively given to the vine-culture), but it is almost equally true of Germany, Austria and England. Indeed now that the *furor Teutonicus* is past and the world breathes freely again, it may do no harm to admit that Germany has carried off the blue ribbon in classical research, interpretation and scholarship during the past century and a half. She has her own classics, too, and Heine is not a bad match for Horace—who has so interwoven the praises of wine with poetry that the two cannot be separated.* Germany, like France, has her famous vintages, but the world at large is more apt to think of her beer, *i. e.*, her true national drink, anciently called by the Latin name, *Cerevisia* (literally, strength of wheat). If she bears us any grudge for our late "interference," she could not ask for herself a sweeter revenge than to "wish" prohibition upon us. From Teutonic notions, *bien entendu*. In her ill-laid schemes of world-dominion Germany may have mingled beer with her thinking, but she remains faithful to the Horatian dictum—*Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit* (God has made all things hard for the "dry").

For reasons obvious, English journals are more guarded in their comments, but it is clear that they judge our proposed experiment without illusions. English pride is to use and control drink. England has always held to the classics as the only sound basis of a liberal education; her far-famed universities continue to turn out men mighty in Latin and Greek. In those ancient halls of learning the anti-classical heresy of total abstinence has never gained the upper hand. By the way, Heine pointed out that the English are the Romans of modern times—a small state founding and administering a world-wide empire. Not without deep significance, then, is her attachment to the classic culture. All educated Englishmen have at least a tincture of the "humanities"—enough to make them swear by the tradition. We note this pride in all their better known writers.

Something of the admired steadfastness of the English character, its pluck and indomitable spirit

may fairly be ascribed to this early schooling in the culture of Greece and Rome—this familiarity begun in boyhood with the heroic tales of Plutarch and Livy. The English, like all deep-centered people, are tenacious of old custom and prescription: they affirm themselves in building upon the past.

Parenthetically I may remark that while heavy drinking, unknown in Southern Europe, has always been the reproach of England, the teetotaler has never been treated with much respect in that country. Dickens, the most popular of English novelists, lampooned him unmercifully—and indeed if you cut out of his books all that relates to the genial side of drink, there would remain but a joyless and sadly mutilated Dickens. Thackeray, with a more exclusive appeal, was also much given to moistening his pages—he seems always to write with Horace at his left hand. Lately I started out to count the references to drink in one volume of the *Roundabout Papers*—such allusions as are fatal to "dryness"—and they were so numerous that I had to give it up when half through the book.

It is worthy of note that the sturdy Briton (true to his classical tradition) did not suffer himself to be carried away by a "temperance panic," or any other, during the late war. When Russia had been pounded out of the battle line, when the conqueror of the Mazurian Lakes loomed terrible as the war-god Odin, when the German "Big Bertha" was spitting her shells as far as Paris, when the Channel ports were expected to fall to the Teuton and the Zeppelins nightly hurtled fiery death and dismay upon Londontown—not even then did the aforesaid sturdy Briton lose his head. He kept it—likewise his bitter beer and spirits. For a time he did indeed consent to a moderate curtailment of his drinking privileges. One may wonder what this "curtailment" really amounted to, since it transpires that the British liquor interests turned over unheard of profits during the war! And John Bull is now lustily enthroating his *Nunc est bibendum!*

What a contrast to the behavior of the "greatest people on God's footstool" who, three thousand miles removed from the trouble, heroically resolved to cut off their own drink and scrap the brewing and distilling properties of the nation, without compensation to the owners thereof.

I submit the comparison is all in favor of J. B. and the classic tradition. If *hic, haec, hoc* paved the way for this exhibition of British grit and steadfastness, we should forthwith arrange to have it taught in every "destrict skule" in the land.

Oddly enough, Turkey is the only country in Europe where, under the rule of Islam, abstinence from alcoholic drink is enforced, at least among the faithful. It is also the one country in Europe which our evangelical patriots would like to blot from the map.

II.

It were vain to deny that cultivated Europe looks upon our Puritanical departure as a staggering proof of the national mediocrity. For, hurt as it will and must, that is the polite European notion of us. We are a mediocre people—and all the towering figures of our material wealth, etc., do not change the fact. In plainer words, we lack true culture and the sanity of mind which cannot exist without it. These things are the gift of the classic tradition, which is without root in our land.

Mediocrity is indeed a very ancient reproach of republics. But the European critic will here point out a difference which is not in our favor. A people that is racially of one blood and of the same national tradition will at times overcome or at least mitigate the reproach referred to, and this by reason of that occasional appearance of genius which is the privilege of race. Nothing is more true than that genius, in its higher forms, is always the flower of race. This alone explains Homer, Virgil, Dante, Molière, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe, Balzac—all the giants. Now we Americans, being a mixed

*No intent here to question Mr. Wilson's originality!

or conglomerate people, with racial infiltration from all the world, our case is not subject to the exceptional relief mentioned. In other words, we must bear the reproach of an unqualified mediocrity.

Our foreign critic would point out the peculiar dangers to which our kind of mediocrity makes us liable; among these a passion for "crusades," vast and vague schemes of social perfection, moral and religious "drives," any idea that whips the mediocre mass-mind into action. To such agitations, however lacking in respect of reason or common sense, the newspapers and other popular prints lend the weight of their influence. Indeed the popular press of America, second only to the want of sound education, is accused as the chief fostering cause of the national mediocrity. It has effectually cured the long prevalent superstition that the printed word gives light—we know rather that it often spreads darkness visible. As a rule the writers for this press are little better than illiterates preaching to illiteracy. In no other country is the aim of the popular press so confessedly low. It apes the dialect of the vulgar and makes every concession to gain their support; it gives them back their own thought, seeks no higher suffrage than theirs, and looks only to circulation and profit for its justifying motive. Mediocrity is as a frontlet that the editor wears between his eyes; to anticipate the wish of the tasteless many in the devouring anxiety of his days, and success in this object is the measure of his usefulness. With such teachers in the "seats of the mighty," whose controlling idea is to flatter and foster mob-sentiment, is it to be wondered at that the American public mind runs to such extremes as the prohibition "crusade" or is frenzied to the pitch of lending itself to such "patriotic outrages" as are matter of very recent history?

Mark Twain sagely observes, from his personal experience, that a newspaper editor's job is the hardest in the world, because he has to write mainly "about nothing." Grave jester, we thank thee for that word! It is the great host of such men who write "about nothing," parasites without a good reason for existence, laying a toll upon every one, who shut the people out from the true sources of knowledge—it is they who have chiefly fastened upon us, in the estimation of European observers, the reproach of an utter mediocrity. And indeed it would often seem that writing without education or special training or natural aptitude (to say nothing of rarer gifts) is commonly regarded among us as an easeful and joyous occupation.* It gets one talked about at any rate, and that is high distinction for an American. Publicity or notoriety includes all that we understand of literary fame, and he is reckoned a smart fellow who gets a lot of it. Men who have made their "pile" in other lines often evince a hankering for this sort of glory so easily to be acquired. Nobody was surprised that Mr. Ford should start a journal to enlighten his fellow citizens and do it as well as such things are commonly done in this country. We do not pretend that there is among us any sense of literary style or distinction—the mark of a cultured aristocracy. All print looks the same to an American, and the literary profession is degraded below the mechanical trades. The weasel mediocrity sucks the rare eggs of genius; fame and the golden prizes thereof are too often awarded to the cheeky and ignorant pretender.

In the European view, most American editors ought to be at school and not a few of them in jail. English opinion, waiving recent, *i. e.*, war-time compliments, has changed little in this respect since the days of Dickens, who satirized us unsparingly—yet not really to the point of libel—in his "Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes." But to ask that a people with such "pastors and masters" should grow

wise and sane and considerate and eclectic and ripely cultured, is to demand something too much of human nature.

It is frightful to think of the quantity of banal thought daily put forth and seven-fold renewed in volume and banality on Sunday, under which the hapless American mind struggles like a bug in an Ostermoor. A despot of genius like Napoleon would shut up the printing shops, scrap the presses and put the *fainéants* of the pen to some useful work, such as making roads or reclaiming the desert lands. And what an enormous economic and intellectual waste would thereby be saved to the country!

Note also that in Europe, by virtue of the classic tradition, the book has precedence of the newspaper, which, by the way, is restricted to its legitimate functions, and usually edited with taste and intelligence. In this country the newspaper "hogs" the entire intellectual field, to the complete mental stuporation of the public. It has all but killed the taste for books (we publish fewer and worse books than Bolshevik Russia), and it has so cheapened the printed word that nobody any longer believes in "literary genius." But its greatest achievement is that it has produced in the American people what may justly be called the *newspaper mind*—some of whose characteristic symptoms we have noted above. As a substitute for intelligence it provokes the derision of Europe.

Finally, there is the militant parson, perhaps the chief effective agent in "putting over" prohibition. He, too, is untouched by the classic spirit, its humanizing culture, its delicate compromises, its wisdom drawing from the deepest springs of ancient thought, its perennial grace and cheerfulness, like the play of Horace's fountain. History has good reason, moreover, to remember a prototype of his—the Puritan of Cromwell's day, hater of mirth and innocent pleasure, persecutor and bigot, great in sanctity and slaughter, whose grim shadow falls across the gloomiest years in English history. Europe looks askance at this spiritual descendant of the English Puritan working out his crude vision of a theocracy in the wide states of America. Not less formidable seems he than his precursor, an iron man like Sir Altgeld, crushing down all opposition with his heavy flail. That he should have arrogated to himself such a role and such importance at this time of day in "free America," is a matter of no small surprise to the cultivated foreign observer, and it helps to accentuate the European notion of our lamentable mediocrity.

Perhaps there is another reason for the petulant tone of foreign comment on the great change we are about to make in our laws and habits of living—they have grown so tired, "over there," of hearing, chiefly from us, that they were "saved by America." They would now be glad, with a pardonable touch of malice, to see America "save" herself from the prohibition fanatic and other obscurantists whose constant effort it is to keep her in a state of intellectual childhood.

Shep

By Charles J. Finger

A family moved from the upper Scioto in Ohio to the head waters of Smoky Hill River, Kansas, taking a collie with them. They went by train to Kansas City and from there to their destination, by wagon. After a year, family affairs caused them to return, but they left the collie with a Kansas neighbor. Eight weeks following their return, the dog walked in, "thin as a rail." Correspondence with the man with whom they had left the dog, showed that on being loosed from the chain the first Sunday after the family had gone, it disappeared. The story is thoroughly well authenticated at both ends of the line. The distance traveled by the dog was more than 800 miles.

SHEP would start on his trip with joyous lightness. To him, Sunday was the one regularly recurring day on which his mind was at ease, because then the family was not scattered. Loosed from the unaccustomed chain, he sought diligently to trace those he loved, but, finding none, soon nosed a trail eastward. For a time things were easily

recognizable—a fence post, a mesquite bush, a rock or a tree. It was the same on the next day and the next. He had no expectation of things, but recognition came as soon as anything previously seen was encountered. So during the first week, direction became almost a habit. With dawn's first tint, Shep was up and away toward the rising sun. To go north or south, to turn to the left or the right, caused him a sense of uneasiness. As a growing boy is kept virgin by a sense of shame, so Shep headed east day by day rather than be "bit by inwit." In that direction alone lay comfort.

Then came a day when familiar things were no more. The grass had fallen away strangely and the soft earth had given place to the hot stones of a city. He was hemmed, too, by walls. The sounds of birds, the whispering wind in the grass, the song of insects and the soft swishing of bush branches had ceased, and instead there was a confusing roar of wheels and the noise of hurrying feet, together with an unaccustomed clatter of horses' hoofs. He was soon forced to find a corner far from the turmoil, where he lay till night. When quiet came with dark, he took to the trail, winning with sun-up the open once more.

Soon he grew gaunt and his coat lost its gloss. Burrs tangled the hair on his chest and his tail, and once he limped long with a thorn in his foot. To find a cool pool in which he might squat and lave for a minute or two, was all that moved him to turn from the trail.

Once he saw something that caused him to pause. A small flock of sheep in a field was escaping through a gap in a fence, and the sorrowful cry of ewe to lamb brought him up, listening intently. Clearly it was his duty to head them off, to scare them back with friendly barks, for sheep without a master dog were witless creatures that ran foolishly into wrong paths. To avoid scattering them, he started to make a wide detour but, after moving a few yards cautiously, again paused with head erect and fore paw raised and eyes shining with a light that had not been in them for many days. For a man was coming. He pricked his ears for the shout of approval that had always come at such moments, but then he grew puzzled. Though acting with judgment, something was wrong. The man's voice had a threat in it and Shep crouched low. Then a hurled rock whizzed above him, followed by another that struck him on the flank. He fled then without a backward look.

On rainy days he was most miserable, for much of his course took him across newly plowed fields where his legs became heavy with stiff, clinging mud. There were highways to be traversed, too, long stretches of which were covered with sharp limestone edging to water-filled ditches. There were creeks to be crossed, creeks brimming from bank to bank whose troubled torrents oftentimes carried him off his feet. Frequent patches of brushland too there were, with tangled brambles and thorned things. Worst of all were the villages. These he soon learned to avoid, for in them men congregated at corners, who, seeing a friendless, lean dog, clapped their hands, and, with hurtful laughter, set strange dogs to worry him.

It was far better when his course paralleled the railroad track. There were whole days then with no fences to clamber through, for fences were at all times troublesome, oftentimes bearing barbs that tore. Once he found a man going his way, one who though of unclean smell, yet acted in kindness. This companionship lasted two days, ending when the man, who obtained food strangely from houses, offered the dog a piece of pork, a flesh that Shep looked on with disgust. Upon his refusing to touch it, the man grew unaccountably angry, and, taking him by the back of the neck, essayed to force him to eat.

At another time a group of section men, sitting by the track, eating, were friendly. One of them fed him clean scraps from his dinner pail and, while smoking, gently rubbed him behind the ears.

*During the war our merchants regularly put "literature" into their "ads"—a practice that gave an extra poignancy to the cruel sufferings of the time. Some of them appear unwilling to break off the habit.

That was good, indeed, and when the man, growing tired, ceased to do this, Shep moved closer, and, thrusting his nose under the hand that rested on the grass, pushed his head forward with little jerks, until the rough hand rested on his head. When the men returned to work, Shep sniffed around until he found the man's coat, and lay by that for a time, dozing in content.

Once a bonny, winsome collie with the glossy sheen of youth, frisked to greet him from a farm house on a hill. With playful little barks and bites she called on him to romp. He wrinkled up his mouth into a grin of passive friendliness but not encouragement. For a mile or more she played by his side while he watched her as he ran, with sidelong glances from eyes that were now bloodshot. Once he had a mind to play with her, as they came to a clean, grassy spot, but the spring had gone out of him, so he took up the trail again, loping heavily like a lean lobo. She left him suddenly on finding some interesting trail that led homeward, realizing that she was on land new to her.

One night, too footsore and weary to turn himself about before lying down, he dropped in the shelter of a hay-rick. His legs twitched with sudden little jerks that broke his rest through the night, and when the sun called him he was unable to rise for a time. At last, with an effort, he found his feet, standing unsteadily, swaying, then fell again. He pushed his hot, dry nose into the soft earth, and lay facing the east, head resting on paws. After a while, he tried to lick himself clean, but the caked mud hurt his tongue.

Then it came to pass that a child wandered that way: one of the age that he understood and who understood him, for there is a time when the wisdom of a child and the knowledge of a dog are on the same plane. The little one lay by him, hugging him. It hurt a little, for the child was clumsy in its attentions, but the grateful sense of companionship overcame the pain. After a while, Shep arose and limped after the child to the house. For its sake more than his, the folk there welcomed him, giving him milk and clean things to eat at the little one's behest. There was shade and water there, and sweet smelling cows with lowing calves, many clattering chickens terribly afraid of the wheeling hawks, and fussy ducks and noisy guineas, and all these he loved to watch and enjoy. But when he was clean again and rested, he set off to the east.

There came a day when he stopped at the end of a bridge. A strange new feeling came over him, for he seemed at once to become a part of all he saw, a part of all he heard. He wrinkled up his nose once or twice, then ran swiftly to the steel girder that rose up from the abutment. He sniffed very carefully there. Then he gave a low, little bark that was almost a grunt and sniffed again, his body tensely rigid, his tail-tip quivering. This time he was sure, but to verify his suspicions, he ran to the other side of the bridge, sniffed and growled, then back again. His course became apparently erratic. From side to side of the bridge he went, stopping here and there sniffing ever and anon, doubling time and time on his trail and returning again and again to the first point. At last he set off at a run. Straight across the bridge he went, turning with such suddenness to the right that his hind feet slipped. For the first time in weeks, he left the eastern way. Every now and then he dropped his nose to the ground, sniffed around and, with a yelping, glad bark resumed the trail—a well remembered one now.

A man sat on a box in a farm yard, whittling while waiting the supper call. Hearing something, he looked to the west, shading his eyes from the setting sun. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, knocking over the box as he did so and sending the cat, that had been dozing behind him, with hurried leaps and upraised tail to the shelter of the barn, in sore affright.

"Mother," he called. "Say, mother, look here, will

you? I'll be gol darned if it ain't our old Shep come back. I'll swan it is. Good old Shep! Good old Shep! Come on then, old boy. Come on, Shep boy. Good old Shep!"

The Children's Bells

The bells of St. Clement's, which have been too much out of order to ring for many years, are now being restored. It is hoped they will be ready to ring in the peace.

WHERE are your Oranges?
Where are your Lemons?
What, are you silent now,
Bells of St. Clement's?
You, of all bells that rang
Once in Old London—
You, of all bells that sang,
Utterly undone?
You whom the children know,
Ere they know letters,
Making Big Ben himself
Call you his betters?
Where are your lovely tones,
Fruitful and mellow,
Full-flavored orange-gold,
Clear lemon-yellow?
Ring again, sing again,
Bells of St. Clements!
Call as you swing again
"Oranges and Lemons!"
Fatherless children
Are listening near you—
Sing for the children,
The fathers will hear you.

—From London Punch.

Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

XXV.—BENEVOLENCE ADMINISTERED PHYSICALLY.

SINCE the year 1914 I am indebted to His Most Gracious Majesty George V., Defender of the Faith, *Rex et Imperator*, etc., for about a hundredweight of books and pamphlets, sent me through his M. G. M.'s Royal and Imperial Press Bureau. A similar weight of the same or similar books and pamphlets has been sent to several thousand others in the United States whose minds since 1914 his M. G. M.'s press bureau may have thought it desirable to make up for them by this method.

The general conclusion from all this literature is that His Most Gracious Majesty is more graciously inclined towards myself and other Americans than towards any other people on earth, and that therefore, etc., etc., etc., etc. As each of those *et ceteras* now represents a cost of at least five billion dollars, they are now self-explanatory, so that I can proceed directly to what the Right Reverend John, George, Thomas, Reginald or Arthur (or perhaps Richard), Bishop of Zanzibar, *pro tem*, has done for my education in a document signed with his "Christian" name, with a cross and "Zanzibar" after it.

After he had done all he could, it took effect at once, as in the case of about ninety-five per cent of the rest of this literature. Perhaps five per cent of it is not devoted to recording atrocities which ought to be incredible, even if they are not so. Unfortunately, they are not incredible. They are the essential realities of the "recrudescence of barbarism," wherever and for whatever purpose, and by whomsoever, the recrudescence is promoted. I had already accumulated a similar collection for various periods, beginning in 1750, which as "data of American history," are not now supplied gratis by His Most Gracious Majesty or any one else. They

cost so much that any one who wishes a complete education in political atrocity, promoted for purposes of percentage, is likely to have to pay much more for it than I would advise. So, because the records of atrocity supplied me by His M. G. M. were similar to those with which I was already overstocked (back to 1750) I burned all but the above mentioned five per cent.

This included the contribution of the Right Reverend Thomas, Richard, Henry or Reginald (His X Mark) Zanzibar, so that at this writing I retain only his conclusion of how benevolence is best administered physically in his diocese, *pro tem*. It included a large, lately annexed territory in which he gave records of the use of the "bullwhip" applied to the body for the purpose of controlling the mind. As this had been done by His M. G. M.'s worst and most atrocious enemies, its atrocity was so disgusting in the record of Lord Bishop Zanzibar that I hope to forget it. I am never likely to forget the Lord Bishop's conclusion. He is not an extremist. He concedes that it may be impossible to regulate the affairs of his enlarged diocese without some measure of "corporal punishment," but he firmly insists that it should be benevolently and humanely administered. He is disgusted, as I am, with the idea of men or women writhing and rolling on the ground, with their backs bleeding. He shows that nothing of the kind could occur if they were properly secured while the amount of mental and spiritual correction he thinks unavoidable is being benevolently applied to their backs.

In this, he is historically accurate. Between the years 1750 and 1775 I had certain relatives living under the protection of His Most Gracious Majesty, George III., *R. et I.* They lived not far from various court houses, at each one of which, as at every other seat of justice in His M. G. M.'s dominions and colonial possessions, there was an ingenious and effective device for securing those to whom a certain measure of corporal correction was being administered. It operated through a board, with holes in it, into which their necks and wrists were so locked that they were kept standing on their tiptoes while undergoing education physically applied. Their inclination to roll and grovel under the lash was thus promptly checked by choking.

As, except among the educated gentry, women not less than men, were supposed to be in frequent need of this physical instruction, I have among my records of what is now Augusta County, in Virginia, a case I submit for consideration in Zanzibar and elsewhere. It is the case of a woman who had been sentenced to the correct, legal number of lashes on her bare back. Had they been administered, her neck and hands would have been secured so that she could not roll and grovel to the disgust of the spectators. But on petition of her husband, that he might be pilloried, stripped and whipped in her stead, the Court permitted him to take her place in the pillory and undergo the physical education on his own bare back to which she had been sentenced in the name and by the authority of his Most Gracious Majesty, George III.

Did this educate the woman? I do not know. I hope so. I think so. But it has certainly entered so deeply into my education that it influences my views of my responsibility for benevolence in Zanzibar. I suppose that I had certain relatives at Valley Forge, Yorktown and in other localities often mentioned, and it may be that the husband above mentioned was with them. I cannot "claim kin" with him, but if he has descendants who do claim him, they can boast at least one "Hundred Per Cent American" among their ancestors.

All of which is respectfully submitted to the Lord Bishop of Zanzibar, *pro tem*. It shows his historical correctness. But in my own case, if education were thus physically applied, I might prefer to roll over and grovel, regardless of the feelings of the spectators.

New Novels

By Catherine Postelle

A rare figure in the literary world is W. L. George. To the initiated it takes no new word to commend him, to their delight, to his latest book, "Blind Alley" (Little, Brown & Co.). In this he purports to tell the way of the world, and in especial the way of a very gallant gentleman, *Sir Hugh Oakley*, and his family during the period of the great war.

It is not so much a story as a great mirror held up to England reflecting her without flattery or palliation, stripped of her complacencies and her pose and that veil of self-righteousness that she has wrapped about her for centuries. It is a portrait drawn by a thoughtful and competent artist, fit to be placed by the side of that other delineation of England made familiar by H. G. Wells.

The spirit of the book is protestant, protesting against the treatment of conscientious objectors to the war; against the "eternal hymn of hate with which the soldiers were drugged;" against the

too continuous exploiting of German cruelties. Belgium, the world is reminded, did her bit in that line in the Congo, the French in Dahomey, and England in South Africa and in China with her opium. "Maybe there wouldn't have been any war if we hadn't grabbed half of the world and claimed the other half . . . Is a scheme clean if we run it, and unclean if others run it?"

So he clubs about him with facts, horrible historical facts that there is no dodging—England debauched with greed, steeped in iniquities and injustice. Page after page of arraignment, and on top of it comes this heart-sickening exposure in Ireland of gallant and humane England driving to insanity and death those who so much as think of a free Irish Republic. Talk about the Hun and the oppression of the little peoples—why not sweep the offal from England's own doorstep?

Mr. George shows us the ruling class of England declaring for war but trying to exempt their own sons; the common people uninspired by the great wave of patriotism, refusing to enlist; the women rushing into war activities as they would rush to a picnic, turning

liberty into license, cutting loose from homely duties to raise their blatant voices on street and platform—in the name of patriotism enjoying the excitement of the new freedom of rapid loves and affiliations; the soldiery taught the sanity of the trenches refusing to be sprayed with glory—"Fighting like heroes? Fighting like rats in a drain! . . . Don't care a damn about the Empire. It's mostly looking for a drink and inspecting the men's feet out there."

The love affairs of the women of the book are not elevating. Such moral decadence among women gives us pause. One cannot but remember Babylon, the golden, and Rome and her decadence and her fall. The purity of its womanhood is a nation's bulwark.

The book will be specially interesting to Americans for the high encomium of

Wilson. "The American people are so far the only people in the world who have created a moral ideal . . . Wilson is almost inhuman in his logic and his entire cleanness of purpose."

Only one other author has so riddled the fair face of England—H. G. Wells. These are prophets of these latter times, sounding no uncertain warning to a proud and satisfied nation.

Still it is no matter that W. L. George has deeply blurred the mirror in which he has so patiently depicted England; his last conclusion is that it is to the Anglo-Saxon race that one must look for rescue, else the war has led the world only into a blind alley from which there is no escape.

The note of tragedy is struck at once in the title of Sudermann's tale, "The



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OLIVE AND LOCUST, FROM NINTH TO TENTH

Silent Mill," (Brentano's) fatal words, pregnant of overwhelming disaster. The opening pages forecast the sorrow of which the mill stands the silent symbol. "The mill wheel stands awry between its moulding supports. The paddles are broken off. From a broken pipe the water runs slowly down, and the little rivulet lies hidden in malodorous slothfulness. Moss and lichen are over all."

Sudermann is a serious writer. He does not concern himself with entertaining or amusing, but back of his stories as back of his plays is the sterner stuff of the great tragedy of life and the inevitable thread of destiny. In "The Silent Mill" he deals with the "crime of youth," as he so wistfully names it. The characters are the three beautiful, sturdy sons of the mill owner. Over these children the silent mill was to cast its terrible shadow, the eldest, Martin, holding the center of the tragedy. Disaster begins for Martin when at eleven, in a moment of passion he strikes Fritz, the next younger brother, such a blow as makes of him a hopeless idiot. This catastrophe reaches out across Martin's whole life, making of him, even in early manhood, a silent, sad, lonely old man. After the death of Fritz, Martin centers his love upon the youngest boy, Johannes, who in time was to become the instrument in the final tragedy of poor Martin's life.

The story of the illicit love between Trude, the young wife of Martin, and Johannes; the loitering all unawares of the two guileless lovers along a downward path; the awakening, when youth caught them in its grip and overthrew them; the murderous intent of Martin in the first moment of revelation, and the drowning of the two brothers side by side in the mill weir make the final steps of the tragedy. We have a final glimpse of Trude crawling at the foot of a crucifix in vain expiation for "the crime called youth."

To speculate on the right or wrong of the "great crime" is to wander endlessly in a maze, but Sudermann in his tender philosophy would have us draw a veil of compassion over those who fall victims to an immortal force that holds all creation in its grasp.

Ida Tarbell has been favorably known in the literary world for many years and her latest book, "The Rising of the Tide" (The MacMillan Co.), is a new exposition of her right to stand in the first rank of American writers of the day.

The book is what one would forecast of Miss Tarbell, having known her clutch on the tangled threads of Standard Oil and having read her clean exposition of so difficult a problem as the tariff. "The Rising of the Tide" is cool and smooth and logical, a history rather than a story, a history of the great war and its reaction on the village of Sabinsport. The style is narrative, clear, lucid, and if convincing it is by the cold steel of logic. There is no passion and no triumph. The mobilization of the armies of Europe, the sinking of the Lusitania, our declaration of war, the supreme moment at Chateau Thierry, even that breathless day of the signing of the armistice, are all related

with the same aloof calmness, and Sabinsport like the narrator is never shaken out of the proprieties.

Everything in the book happens by rule. Miss Tarbell's world is a world of law and order. The right people marry, the heathen are regenerate. All is worked out with mathematical exactness. But life is not exact. Behind every quotient is always a troublesome remainder refusing to capitulate. The unknown quantity crops up to spoil the dearest calculation.

Miss Tarbell's story flows with calculated current between walls of measured concrete, but it lacks spontaneity,

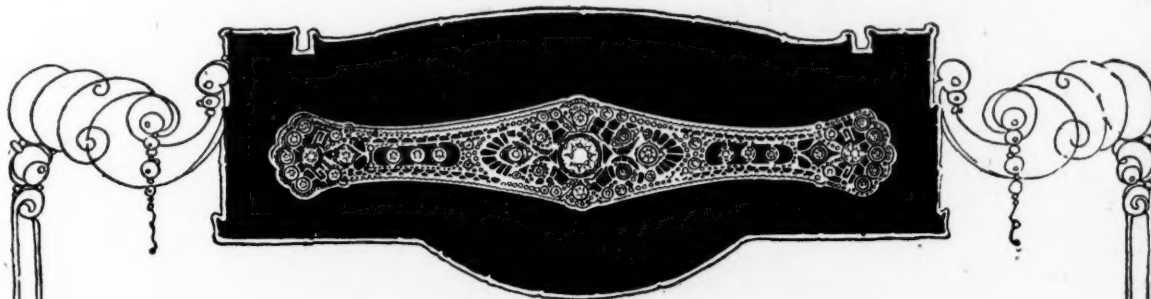
the appeal of intimate joy and sorrow—the fume and fret, the sparkle and foam of the wayward torrent breaking its heart on its way to the sea.

Second Sight

The senior major of a British regiment was giving the benefit of his advice and experience to a youthful sub. "See here," he exclaimed, "this is your first dinner, and, well, go easy with the decanter, my boy. Remember *esprit du corps*, and—er—and all that sort of thing. Here's a good tip. See those silver candlesticks there? When you

can see four instead of two—why, clear out, go home. See?" "Perfectly, and thanks awfully," replied the young officer, "but don't you think you had better go home at once? There's only one candlestick."

The moving picture director was having trouble in getting one of the scenes right. The girl was supposed to resist an attempt to kiss her, but the rehearsal was far from satisfactory. "Think now," said the director, coaching her, "haven't you ever tried to stop a young man from kissing you?" "No" was the girl's frank reply.



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STIX, BAER & FULLER

GRAND-LEADER

Enjoying Life

By W. P. N. Barbellion

The following is a fragment from the unpublished literary remains of the author of "The Journal of a Disappointed Man" (George H. Doran Company, New York). Barbellion is a pen-name. The writer is introduced to the world by H. G. Wells, which means whatever it means as to the existence of such a person. Barbellion's book is the diary of a zoologist dying of creeping paralysis. He was born in 1890 and died in December, 1917. The book is realism of the most uncompromising sort. It is psychological misanthropy. Amateurs of such writing will

find it as fascinating in its bitterness as "The Melancholy of Stephen Allard," which had some success maybe fifteen years ago, or more.

After lunch, I walked along by a hedge on the outskirts of a wood—and could see them inside—an enormous crowd of tens of thousands. They were on tiptoe, peering at me from over the top of the hedge as I stood peering in at them: we stood in silent antagonism. In the wood itself, it gave me a pleasurable sense of affluence to stride like Gulliver among

these countless hordes of blue Lilliputians. Of my Bluebell Wood, an artist would have said that it was an "interesting color scheme," or a "suggestive arrangement." But there are days when such complacency is very exasperating. Here is a bluebell in my hand, full of beauty and full of terror for me. If I look at it till my eyes bulge, if I crush it up in my fist, eat it, its beauty will defy and threaten me still.

Those two torments to the hungry heart—mountains and the sea! A

mountain is a lodestone; I run to it, I would flatten by nose against it, bespatter its rocks with that inconsiderate piece of matter which composes my body. The sea gives me a mighty thirst; I could drain it to its oozy lees. I surrender myself to the sea and plunge among the waves which sadly, inevitably cast one back upon the strand. I lie out upon the sand in the sun. I should like to be branded deep in the flesh by the sun; I would offer myself as an oblation to the God of the Sun. I could swallow landscapes and swill down sunsets, or grapple the whole earth to me with hoops of steel. But the world is so impassive, silent, secret.

It is a relief to drop a pebble into the salmon pool on a still June day or to see the tall meadow grass falling in swathes as I brandish my sickle. Inscrutable matter! "Take that," I whisper, and split open the boulders with a hammer.

What insane satisfaction may be got from lighting a fire! I love to let loose the tiger of fire upon a heap of sticks. I could fire the whole wood, the rick, the farmhouse, the town. It would be my revenge on inscrutable matter for being inscrutable, on beauty for not explaining herself.

Beauty is too menacing merely to contemplate. No one can face her without consciousness of struggle. She must be fought and grappled with. Man must be always measuring his strength with her lest she clutch him by the heart, and he be overwhelmed.

One afternoon, several winters ago, with the world cold, hard crystalline and the earth gripped in ice, I reached the top of a granite Tor just as the sun, with all pomp, was entering its western porticoes of green and gold and chrysoprase. I stood alone in a wilderness of rocks and heather, having penetrated, it seemed, to the last outposts of moral life and human understanding. On that desolate hilltop, no one was present save me and the sun. I had the whole universe to myself—a flattering moment for the egotist.

Now, it seemed, was the appointed hour. The moment was opportune and I saw myself in a grandiose ceremony pressing my suit with the President of the Immortals before the sinking of the sun. Being on top of a hill was in my exhilaration, like being on top of the world. Yet that was not high enough, and I strained to raise myself still higher, to pierce beyond the veil of blue sky above, to rise by some sort of levitation to a grand apocalypse. I stood, still struggling, fighting, hoping, striving—I almost wheedled God to tell me all. I held out my hands to a white sail on the sea, 500 feet below and sunset bound. To the sun I remonstrated: "You know! Tell me before you go." But the sail disappeared into the sunset and the sun sank in a heinous silence, leaving the horizon empty—that long merciless line.

I was once more thrown back upon the unintelligibility of the universe; only a nightjar whirled down among the shrubby oaks—that was all the answer I obtained. In the darkness and

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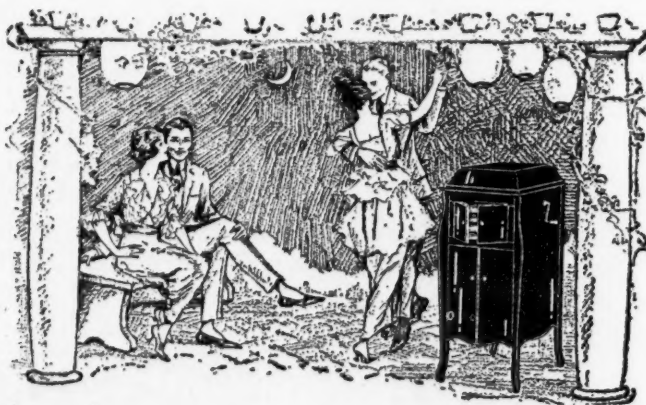
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		He's Had No Lovin'—One-Step			64807 \$1.00		{
		Frantzen's Orchestra					
18543 85c	{	Dear Old Pal of Mine—Waltz	Smith's Orchestra	64803 \$1.00	{	Calling Me Home to You	John McCormack
		When You Look in the Heart of a Rose					
		Smith's Orchestra					

isolation of the hilltop, I grew frightened at myself and at the world, and walked off down the hill in a desperate hurry, eager for a roof to screen me from the infinite stars, for a human hand to shake, to pat a dog's head—anything to escape from this silent and menacing world. "The eternal silence of these infinite spaces frightens me," wrote Pascal. After such criminal adventures, it is necessary to eat a beefsteak quickly in order to restore confidence in the positivist position. No more God for me.

Strategy

"Not all of the war was horror and bitterness," writes General Pershing, "and the spirit our boys showed reminded me very much of the standard set in our sports at home. If the Hun had met us on the same sportsmanlike basis, history would record a different story of the conflict. An incident related by one of my staff illustrates the Yankee spirit. The doughboy had captured a German and on the way to camp discovered that the prisoner had a huge roll of French money. Immediately he conjured up visions of the delectable cafes of Paris and what he could do with that bank roll, but he could not bring himself to the point where he would actually take the roll. Instead he pondered for a moment, and then, bringing the captive to attention, faced him, saluted, and asked: 'Kamerad, kanst du craps shutzen?'"

Quick Learning

A school superintendent in a Southern California city was inspecting one of the primary schools and paused for a moment in an infant class to instill a few of the rudiments of politeness into the childish minds. When some one makes an unpleasant remark," he said, "never call attention to it. Pass it by or change the subject." Just at that moment the room teacher spoke up sharply: "Mabel, did I see you whispering?" "Please, teacher," said Mabel, "do we get a vacation at Easter?" "Mabel, I asked if you were whispering!" "Am I goin' to get a good report card," persisted the little one. "Mabel, why don't you answer my question," demanded the exasperated teacher. "Please, ma'am, but the superintendent said if the conversation was unpleasant to change it."

A Question of Form

The mistress of the house engaged a new servant and gave her instructions how to behave when answering her bell. One evening she rang for a glass of milk, and was surprised to see Martha appear with the glass grasped in her hand. "Oh, Martha!" she said, "always bring the milk to me on a tray." Martha apologized, and promised to remember in future. A week later the bell rang, and the same request was made. This time Martha appeared with the tray and the milk emptied into it. Anxious to please, she curtsied and inquired: "Shall I bring a spoon, ma'am, or will you lap it up?"

The Male Brute

Mrs. Jay Kirke, wife of the former Cleveland first baseman and the hard hitter of the team, was very much interested in her husband's work. At the end of each game she used to approach him and say: "How many hits today, Jay," and sometimes Jay would reply: "Six, dear, every one on the nose, too. Gee, I'm glad I got a wife who's interested in what I'm doing." But once in a while he wouldn't make any, and then to the time-honored question he'd shout: "What do you want to know for? Gee whiz, I wish you'd stay home and knit, like the rest of the women."

Inheritance

Little Mark, aged five, had been imparting to the minister the information that his father had a new set of teeth. "Indeed!" said the good man, patronizingly. And what is he going to do with the old ones?" "Oh," replied little Mark, "I suppose mamma will cut them down and make me wear them."

Wifely Care

She was the sort of woman who always tells everybody her business. With cheery smile she settled herself at the counter of the hosiery shop and began: "My husband has just been very ill—very ill indeed. So I have to do his shopping; and I want a shirt." "Certainly, madam," said the clerk courteously. "Stiff front and cuffs?" "Oh, no!" she exclaimed in horrified tones. "The doctor says he must avoid anything with starch in it."

Thrifty Idea

"She is a proud beauty. Last night we parted in anger."

"Going to make up?"

"I guess so. But I think I'll stay mad about a week and spend some of my money on myself."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

✱

He—If I stole a kiss would you scream for your parents?

She—No, not unless you wanted to kiss the whole family. —*Nebraska Awgwan*.

✱

"Gentleman to see you." "Tell him I'll see him in about half an hour." "He says he won't wait a minute." "Show him in instantly then. He must be worth seeing."—*Toledo Blade*.

✱

"The doctor has prescribed physical exercise for Reggie." "My word, old top! Has he joined a gym?" "No; he discharged his valet, and is learning to dress himself."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Municipal Opera

The offering of the Municipal Opera Company for the second week of the six weeks' season at the open-air theatre in Forest Park is Michael William Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" with Stella DeMette in the role of the Gypsy Queen. Arline is sung by Blanche Duffield, Thaddeus by Craig Campbell, Count Arnheim by Carl Gantvoort, Florestine, nephew of the count, by Frank Moulin. As in the production of "Robin Hood" last week, the chorus vies with the principals in its appeal to eye and ear; viewed from the stadium it is a most excellent chorus. The sylvan stage setting is ideal for "Bohemian Girl"—could any Thaddeus and Arline desire a more romantic trysting place than the giant oaks of Forest Park? This opera season is for the entertainment and recreation of the citizens of St. Louis and those who fail to take advantage of it are depriving themselves of a very real pleasure.

Cooler Cooking for Summer Days

The advertising man was teeing his ball for the seventh hole, away up North, when a messenger handed him this wire from the Sales Manager:

"Want four electric range advs. About to announce policy of selling electric ranges at manufacturer's list prices. INSTALLATION FREE. Our guarantee on ranges to conform to manufacturers' guarantee. TROUBLE SERVICE FREE. Payments in 12 equal monthly installments, added to electric service bills. Five per cent off for cash or for payment in full with monthly electric service bill."

Some offer! If this new policy doesn't DOUBLE the number of electric ranges in use in St. Louis in six months the adv. man is going to be even more astonished than he was the first time he shot 18 below 100. Here is what the new policy means:

Westinghouse ranges (according to size), \$60.50 to \$141; only \$5.04 to \$11.75 a month for 12 months. Or you save \$3.03 to \$7.05 by taking the 5% cash discount.

Western Electric Hughes ranges: \$39.00 to \$169.75; only \$3.25 to \$14.15 a month for 12 months. Or you save \$1.95 to \$8.48 by taking the 5% cash discount.

General Electric ranges: \$90.00 to \$205.00; only \$7.50 to \$17.62 a month for 12 months. Or you save \$4.50 to \$10.57 by taking the 5% cash discount.

Adv. No. 2 will tell about Westinghouse ranges; No. 3, Hughes ranges; No. 4, the General Electric line—and Union Electric SERVICE. Going to end No. 1 with FIVE FACTS about cooking on ANY good electric range.

Electric cooking is the COOLEST cooking—it cooks the food without cooking the cook.

With rising prices for other cooking fuels, and considering the labor and food it saves, electric cooking is the CHEAPEST cooking here in St. Louis, where electricity for ranges cost only 2½ cents a kilowatt hour.

Electric cooking is the BEST cooking—retains the food flavors—making the best eating.

Electric cooking is the EASIEST cooking—less work than any other way. No matches to bother with, no coal or ashes to handle. Just turn the switch.

Electric cooking is the SUREST cooking—three heats controlled by the switch—always the same—no guesswork.

Don't wait, madam. Come in to-day and see them. Let us show you how easy it is to use these ranges, how simple they are, how safe and how handy. Himself will be glad for you to get one. If he's flush he'll write you a check for it. If not, he'll pay the little monthly installments at the year's end.

The Electric Company

UNION ELECTRIC: Main Office—12th and Locust



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Marts and Money

Since the culmination of its second spell of liquidation, a few days ago, Wall Street has been discounting peace at a pretty lively rate in some prominent quarters. The pleasant occupation was furthered by a recession to 6 per cent in the quotation for call loans and talk of restoration of confidence in high financial circles.

According to the latest banking exhibit, reserves increased \$31,064.50. This as a result of a \$14,500,000 addition to cash and a contraction of \$128,596,000 in deposits and of \$205,606,000 in loans. There's still some nervousness, however, in regard to the financial position of the market. July disbursements are close at hand, and applications for domestic and foreign loans are rapidly multiplying. While it is generally assumed that the financial potentates cannot afford to adopt a hostile attitude towards the stock market, it is nevertheless feared, at least among cautious parties, that many stocks are already quoted at figures strongly suggestive of serious inflation.

Peace, be it remembered, has been largely discounted for several months, particularly in the industrial group of shares. The following table shows this quite conclusively. It presents the low records since January 1 of some active industrials, also current quotations, which indicate more or less important depreciation when compared with the best records of about two weeks ago.

	Low Since Jan. 1	Present Price
American Locomotive com.....	58	85 1/4
American Woollen com.....	45 1/4	116 3/4
Baldwin Locomotive com.....	64 3/4	103 3/4
Bethlehem Steel "B".....	55 1/2	89 1/4
Central Leather.....	56 1/2	105 1/2
Crucible Steel com.....	52 1/2	94 3/4
General Motors.....	118 1/2	235
Mercantile M. pfd.....	92 3/4	118 3/4
Maxwell Motor com.....	26 3/4	49 1/4
Midvale Steel.....	40 1/4	52 1/2
Mexican Petroleum.....	162 3/4	188
Pressed Steel Car com.....	59	85
Royal Dutch (N. Y.).....	86 1/2	116
Studebaker com.....	45 3/4	107
Tobacco Products com.....	72 3/4	108 1/2
United Cigar Stores.....	107 1/4	165
U. S. Rubber com.....	73	127
U. S. Steel com.....	88 1/4	108
Westinghouse Elec. (par \$50).....	40 1/2	57

In ultra-optimistic quarters it is stoutly maintained that the next few months will witness still more striking improvement in quoted values, and that the occasional setbacks will be the outcome chiefly of profit-taking and of efforts to enforce corrective financial measures. That may well be the case.

Yet—it won't do to ignore altogether the various potentialities of grave trouble obviously inherent in the economic and political conditions of distracted Europe. British consols and French 3 per cent rentes are lower today than they were last January, and Germany reports a gold reserve in the Reichsbank of only \$325,600,000, against \$620,000,000 a year ago. Sterling exchange is down to \$4.6075, against \$4.75 1/2 on November 11 last. French and Italian exchanges imply such conditions in those two countries as would have been thought impossible five years ago. Approximately \$25,000,000 gold has been shipped by us to foreign parts (mostly to South America) since the lifting of the embargo on exports. Additional consignments are considered inevitable.

In fact, they seem to be looked upon with favor among captains of finance and industry, who are anxious to broaden the flow of international trade in every possible way.

Owing to continued shortage of marine tonnage, the number of sailing vessels is steadily increasing. They are especially in demand for transportation of coarse grains, flour and coal from Atlantic ports. Shipping rates are said to have risen to \$20 and \$21 a ton. In the face of such conditions, one finds it somewhat difficult to understand the reasons for the recent proposal (turned down a few days ago) to dispose of British vessels owned by the Mercantile Marine Co. with a view to ultimate dissolution of the corporation.

As regards the steel trade, we are given assurance that conditions continue to mend and that inquiries for material are increasing "to an extent that occasions widespread encouragement." The *Iron Age* declares that the "opinion has been ventured that the May output will stand as the low record of the year." The persistent firmness of the price of Steel common is undoubtedly reflective of gradual change for the better. The depressive crowd is not at all bold in its operations in these shares, despite the relative altitudinousness of the question and a 5 per cent dividend rate.

The quotations for copper metal remain firm at previous levels. For August delivery producers now demand 18 1/2 to 18 3/4 cents a pound. Further advances look probable. Latest movements in values of copper stocks brought no changes of real interest; grains varied from a half to a full point. There are signs, though, that the stocks are unostentatiously being accumulated in anticipation of a broad forward movement in the near future. It is generally realized that they have thus far made poor response to constructive forces.

Respecting railroad stocks sentiment continues mildly hopeful. There would have been enlarged purchasing lately save for the announcement that the Director-General had stated that he would ask the companies for repayment of some \$775,000,000 which the Government had advanced since institution of Federal control. We are told that leading bankers feel that such reimbursement would be a physical impossibility. Looks like a hopeless muddle all around. There are plenty of opinions, but no really constructive policies.

Interested financiers have organized a protective committee in behalf of holders of \$13,626,000 secured 6 per cent notes of the Chicago Elevated Railways, whose insolvency is thought imminent. The problem of how to cure the seemingly chronic financial ailments of municipal traction companies grows more knotty right along. There's also quite a number of gas and electric companies who are beset by threatening difficulties.

Owing to rapidly growing business, the New York Curb Association has decided to get a building of its own. The requisite amount of money has already been raised. The Stock Exchange, too, plans extensions at the

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EIGHTH AND LOCUST

—TO ST. CHARLES

east corner of Wall and New streets. Speculative excitement is great and still growing. Funds are pouring in from the West, where immense crops are ripening, and automobile agents looking for record-smashing business. Whenever stocks are briskly advancing, Wall Street oracles insist that the demand is from the wealthy West. "The West is buying." Wonder what Wall Street would do without the West? Close up, perhaps. Land and labor remain the principal sources of all riches.

Finance in St. Louis

They still have a vigorous and interesting market on Fourth street. The "undertone" is considered decidedly satisfactory. Absorptive capacity leaves little to be desired, and there's enough money available for an indefinite continuation of a reasonable upward campaign. The demand for industrials shows no abatement, though lately it was largely confined to low-priced issues. Four hundred Hydraulic-Press Brick common were sold at 7.25 to 7.75, and three hundred and fifty preferred at 37. The low marks in 1918 were 2 and 11 3/4. Forty shares of Brown Shoe common brought 90; thirty Fulton Iron Works common, 61.62 1/2; twenty National Candy common, 94 to 95; sixty Scruggs-V.-B. common, 71, and two hundred and twenty Indianahoma Refining, 6.12 1/2. The last-named stock is regarded as a promising speculation for a patient pull. Wagner Electric is firmly held at its sharply raised price; sixty shares were sold at 182.50 to 185. Twenty International Shoe common brought 119. More than two hundred United Railways preferred went at 14.37 1/2, and \$4,000 United Railways 4s, at 54.75. The recent low records were 10 3/4 and 49 1/4.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	138	138
Nat. Bank of Commerce	136 1/4	137 1/2
Mercantile Trust	35 1/2	36
United Railways com.	2 1/4	2 1/2
do pfd.	15	15
do 4s	55 1/4	55 1/2
St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s.	46 1/2	48
Certain-teed com.	41	41
Mo. Portland Cement	79 1/2	80
Ely & Walker com.	174	174
International Shoe com.	120	120
Brown Shoe com.	94 1/2	99
Hyd. Press Brick com.	9 1/2	9 3/4
do pfd.	39 1/2	39 3/4
Granite-Bimetallic	45	48 1/2
Indianahoma Ref.	6 1/4	6 1/2
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.	15	15
Marland Ref.	6 1/4	6 1/2

Answers to Inquiries

READER, Chickasha, Ok.—The Pierce-Arrow motor company is in reassuring financial condition and expected to report a materially larger dividend surplus for 1919 than it did for 1918. The important fact is that the full 5 per cent on common stock was earned even under the adverse conditions of 1918. The ruling price of 61 doesn't appear high. There will be heavy buying in case of a fall below 60. Eventually the stock will be quoted around 85 and even 90. Of course if you have a substantial paper profit, you should take it, and then enter order to repurchase at, say, 52. One never has an absolutely sure thing in Wall Street.

QUESTION, St. Louis.—(1) Candelaria Silver, quoted on the Curb in New York, is well thought of in some speculative quarters, owing mostly to the high price for silver and rumors of

heavy purchases for respectable parties. The ruling quotation is 1 1/8. The recent high and low marks were 2 3-16 and .52. There are hints that rich ore discoveries may be reported before long. Obviously, the stock is a gambling proposition. It should not be bought by people who cannot afford to lose money, or be tied up for two or three years. (2) Sinclair Oil is quoted at 63 3/4. If you bought at a higher figure than this, you should cling to your certificate, and buy another one in the event of a drop to about 55. The stock is a good speculation for a long pull. Should reach a considerably higher level before the year's close.

D. B. W., Yankton, S. D.—(1) You should stick to your Chicago & Northwestern common, quoted at 101 1/2. The stock is acting as well as it could fairly be expected to do in prevailing circumstances. The tendency is upward, but repressed by uncertainties, which have already been largely discounted in valuations. (2) Ray Consolidated is a somewhat slow but inviting speculation. Don't let go at a loss. (3) Swift International will develop into a desirable speculative investment. Floating supply is not heavy, and an extensive relapse need not be feared.

H. A., Norwich, Conn.—White Motor is quoted at 56 7/8, as compared with a recent high notch of 63 1/2. It seems an attractive speculation, the quarterly dividend being \$1 on \$50 par, and the accumulated surplus amounting to over \$7,000,000. Present rate has been paid since December, 1916. Funds to be obtained from sale of new stock should prove sufficient to cover new constructive requirements.

TRADER, Logansport, Ind.—(1) Butte Copper & Zinc, quoted at 13 1/8, has so far moved very little in valuation. Would advise retaining it, however. Stock has considerable intrinsic value, and is worth at least eight points more than price mentioned. (2) Ohio Cities Gas is a good speculative investment. Has been consistently accumulated for some weeks. The big move will come as soon as the pool is ready.

When Roosevelt was governor of New York he knew quite well a farmer who lived at a house on the road where the governor, riding horseback, would always stop for a rest. One day when the governor rode up the farmer was reading a New York paper. "Governor," he asked, "aren't those New York papers pretty tall liars?" "Why, what makes you think they are?" "Well, here's a story I was just a-readin' of a man who paid \$14,000 for a picture of a cow. I don't believe it." "Why not?" asked T. R. "Because," said the farmer, "I don't believe there's any man in New York would pay \$14,000 for anything he couldn't milk."

The most momentous associations sometimes attach themselves to the most trifling things. Thus at a dinner the hostess said to a sour-faced man on her left: "May I help you to some of the boiled rice, Mr. Smith?" "Rice? No, thank you; no rice for me," Smith answered, vehemently. "It is associated with the worst mistake of my life."

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"What doesn't seem right?"

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There are a world of stories about the Three Hundred and Sixty-Ninth (colored) regiment. One of the best comes from Colonel Hayward himself. He discovered that the darkies, as fast as they got French money, exchanged it for German coin. "What do you want German money for?" demanded Hayward. "To spend in Berlin; dat's where we're goin', ain't it?" was the answer.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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UNIVERSAL WEEKLY

CURRENT EVENTS

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You'll enjoy—and so will she—the extra-good Fourth of July Dinner that the Statler will be serving at a fixed price (\$2 per person) from noon till 9 p. m. on Independence Day.

It ought to be a Big Holiday, this Fourth of July of 1919, and almost any plans you make for the day can be bettered a little by being at the Statler with a good appetite, at dinner-time.

Patriotic music, pleasant surroundings, a good dinner. Tables may be reserved by telephone—or if it's a party perhaps you'll want a private dining room.

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